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MEMORIAL

— OF —

GEORGE GILMAN FOGG.

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MEMORIAL

OF

GEORGE GILMAN FOGG.

THE ADDRESS OF

REV. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES, OCT. 8, 1881,

AND

A TRIBUTE BY

FRANK B. SANBORN.

CONCORD, N. H.:
PRINTED BY THE REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.
1882.

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GEORGE GILMAN FOGG

Was born at Meredith Centre, N. H., May 26, 1813, and died at Concord, N. H., October 5, 1881. He was the son of David and Hannah Gilman (Vickery) Fogg. His father was a native of Pittsfield, and his mother of Exeter. He was fitted for college at the New Hampton Institution, and graduated at Dartmouth college in the class of 1839. He studied law with Judge Lowell, at Meredith, and at the Harvard Law School, and commenced the practice of his profession at Gilmanton Iron Works in 1842.

In 1846 he was a member of the House of Representatives, and took an active part in the election of John P. Hale as senator. Up to this time a Democrat, he now became a prominent member of the Free Soil party, retaining, however, his belief in the principles of the Democratic party, as it was then constituted, so far as they were not affected by the question of slavery. During this session he was elected Secretary of State, holding the office for one year. This necessitated his removal to Concord, which was thenceforward his home.

Mr. Fogg was practically the founder of the Independent Democrat, a newspaper which exerted a great influence upon New Hampshire politics. It was started in Manchester, May 1, 1845, but removed to Concord in June following. Mr. Fogg did not nominally assume control till February, 1846, but he contributed to its columns from the first. From this time to 1861 this newspaper absorbed the best energies of his life. In 1856 he made a trip to Kansas as Clerk of the Kansas Commission of the United States House of Representatives. He was Law Reporter of New Hampshire from 1855 to 1859. He was a delegate from New Hampshire to the convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln in 1860, and Secretary of the Republican National Executive Committee in the campaign which followed. After the Re-

publican party obtained control of the state, he was also for several years State Printer, that position, according to custom, being always given to prominent editors. In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln Minister for the United States to Switzerland, holding the office till after the assassination of the President in 1865.

After his return from Europe, he was appointed in 1867 United States Senator, by Gov. Smyth, to fill the unexpired term of Hon. Daniel Clark, who had been appointed Judge of the U. S. District Court for New Hampshire.

He resumed editorial labor in 1867, though not, as before, taking sole charge of the paper, finally severing his official connection in 1872. From this time, to his death, he only wrote occasional articles for the press.

Mr. Fogg was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, succeeding Rev. Dr. Bouton as Corresponding Secretary; trustee of Bates College, Maine, receiving from that institution the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

He was stricken with paralysis, September 11, 1879, from which he only partially recovered, and which finally culminated in his death.

Mr. Fogg was never married. He left legacies to Dartmouth college, the school at New Hampton, the Unitarian church in Concord, with which he was connected, the school-district where he was born, and to various charitable institutions in Concord, in addition to legacies to his kindred and friends. He had previously made a liberal gift to Bates college.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

THE past season has been one of unexampled anxiety and trouble. I doubt if human history can furnish a parallel to the period, in all its aspects and features. The cordial sympathy of the civilized world has been expressed with our own national sorrow and bereavement, and messages of fraternal feeling and good-will have come to us from the other side of the sea—from the other side of the globe. Two continents have mingled their tears and their prayers, and for once, at least, the nations of the world have felt the closeness of the ties of a common brotherhood. There has been a wonderful deepening of the religious sentiment—a wonderful strengthening of the moral sense of mankind. How earnestly have we prayed that the cup might pass from us. "If it be possible," said Jesus, in his own great agony. "If it be possible!" But it was not possible that it should pass, except we drank of it; and then the expression of our hearts was,—"Nevertheless, not our own will, but God's." We turn to Him who can alone give us the comfort and strength we need, and bow before Him in submission and trust. So we have prayed for a sick friend, or a sick child, crying out of the depths unto the Lord. But let us not feel that our prayers have been unanswered. The divine way is better than our way; the divine will is better than our will;—and when we come to understand that the divine way and the divine will are always best, and when we bring ourselves into full accord and acquiescence with the divine disposition for us, we are re-

ceiving from the divine hand a blessing, and from the divine love a full and complete answer to every petition.

> "Ill that God blesses is our good,
> And unblest good is ill;
> And all is right that seems most wrong
> If it be His dear will!"

It is in this spirit of submission and trust that we gather here to-day. During the year which is now drawing near its end, prominent men, in all departments of human activity, have been taken from the midst of their earthly labors to their immortal rest. The circles of business, the university, the church, the state, have been deprived of some of their brightest ornaments and their most useful servants. Some have fallen without warning; some, with but a brief season of sickness; some, after months of struggling with the unseen and insidious disease which has sapped their vital powers, and at last carried the citadel of the heart. The death of the president is a national bereavement. My own state was but lately called to mourn the loss of her most distinguished and best-beloved citizen—General Burnside—in whom many of the soldiers of New Hampshire had a leader, comrade, and friend. And now we come to pay our last tribute of affection and respect to one who in former years was conspicuous here in those struggles of principle and policy in which great issues for humanity have their rise. Not long ago we laid away to rest other friends who were associated with him, and whom he has now joined in the everlasting home, from which there is no more going out forever.

The incidents of his life I need not recount. But it may be well, both for our instruction and comfort, to recall a few of his characteristics. Familiar as they are in this community, where he has lived so long and in whose affairs he has borne so important a part, they may yet bear recital.

First, I speak of our friend as a man of positive convictions. In these days, when half belief and doubt and de-

nial seem attractive to many minds, it is something to have known a man who firmly held to what he felt and knew to be true and right. That which he believed, he wrote and spoke. Perhaps in the early days, which were days of conflict, some of his friends may have thought that he spoke and wrote in too severe terms. I have myself suggested to him that gentler words might sometimes be used with equally good advantage to his cause. But he always felt that he was engaged in a great struggle, in which it was necessary to give and take hard blows ; and it is but just to say of him that he was as ready to take as to give. He expected to carry some wounds and scars out of the battle, and while the contest was going on I think that he really enjoyed it. Those of us who can look back upon those well-fought fields, can even now take some pleasure in the remembrance. We know that wherever the warfare was waged most hotly, our friend was foremost, doing manful service. The weapons may not always have been of the finest temper on either side, but there were always brave hearts and strong hands to wield them. A friend of mine at Washington made the remark to me a few years ago, that since the anti-slavery question had been decided there was but little principle in politics. However that may be, it is quite certain that while the question was at issue there were important principles at stake, and Mr. Fogg was very positive in his convictions as to where the right of the matter lay. Being thus positive, he entered into the anti-slavery controversy with all his heart and soul, and he lived to rejoice in the victory which he had largely helped to win.

Had he been taken in the midst of those stirring days, it would have been felt by all that a strong man had fallen. He was known throughout the country as a man of firm convictions, a resolute purpose, and an earnest spirit, and he enjoyed the confidence and won the esteem of men of public affairs and station. In this state it is not too much to say that his was the clear mind and his the vigorous hand that

directed those movements and counter-movements which, however ineffective of results they may have seemed, were yet really very efficient in bringing on the final triumph. It is the providential arrangement, that some men shall sow the seed, and other men reap the harvests; that some shall fight the battle, and others enjoy the fruits of victory. It is the sign of human weakness, and perhaps of human ingratitude, that those who reap and enjoy should forget those who sowed and fought. The present generation can hardly conceive of the intensity with which the controversy was carried on. But now I think that both sides are satisfied with the decision that was made. The strife has at last ended, and former foes have long since shaken hands in reconciliation, and forgiven whatever there was to forgive on either part.

This positiveness of conviction gave to our friend a certain strength and solidity of character. He indulged in no petty vices. He took large and serious views of life. He felt the sense of obligation to make the most and best of himself. He was truthful in thought, clear in speech, and forceful in action. However much any one might differ from his opinions, no one ever questioned the honesty with which he held them, and the earnestness with which he served the cause he espoused. There was nothing for him to conceal. He was open as the day. The structure of his character was based on solid and substantial foundations, and his manhood was firmly and compactly put together. He fairly won the influence which he exerted in this community and throughout the state, and no man's work in it was ever more faithfully and thoroughly done. He was accustomed from his youth to struggle with difficulties, as in gaining his education and in journalism, and he carried into all his struggles the spirit of persistent endeavor and generous ambition. A high sense of personal honor raised him above anything like sycophancy; and amidst all discouraging circumstances, and amidst all temptations to personal

advantage, he preserved untouched and unweakened his independence of mind and soul. He never crooked "the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift might follow fawning." He never learned to encourage the vanity or to flatter the prejudices of other men; but, always truthful, straightforward, and sincere, he did the duty God gave him to do, and spoke the word God gave him to speak, as well and faithfully and truthfully as he could.

Here I may be permitted to pause a moment to dwell upon the excellent lesson which his example, in this respect, has to teach, especially to the young. There is always something encouraging and inspiring in the sight of a brave and honest struggle with the difficulties of life and the untoward circumstances of one's lot, that a better manhood and a larger opportunity may be gained. The struggle may not always be successful; but the glory is in the contest itself, when that is waged with a fearless spirit and a persistent resolution. That it was thus waged in the case of our friend we are certainly assured. He succeeded, too, in gaining the education which he desired. He succeeded in gaining a commanding position in the great warfare of the day. And that success was due to his honest and persevering endeavor. If larger successes were denied him, we know that the struggle was carried forward with clean hands and an upright intent.

With this positiveness and strength of character were mingled a vein of gentleness and a warmth of heart which were particularly attractive to those who knew our friend well. In later years, when withdrawn from the scenes of political strife, he became more tolerant and genial. The asperities of life had been smoothed away. Better and more peaceful days dawned upon him; and the last decade, before disease laid its heavy hand upon him, was marked by the quiet enjoyment of leisure, a happy intercourse with valued friends, the reading of good books, and such light employments as suited his disposition and tastes. He had

a pleasant and well-ordered home, where he was kindly served and ministered to, and he loved to bring beneath his hospitable roof those in whose company he could renew the past, and indulge the pleasing recollections of former scenes. No man was more thoughtful, loyal, firm, and constant in his friendships. He never forgot an act of kindness of which he was the object. He held fast to those who gave him their confidence, and permitted no cloud of misunderstanding or difference to dim the brightness or chill the warmth of his feelings. He secured the attachment and regard of many who only knew him through the journal which he edited, and he won the sincere love of those who knew him in the more private and intimate relations of life. In a visit to Berne, which I made two years ago, I found some of the friends whom he had drawn around him during his residence there; and the impression he had made upon them was of a very pleasant as well as permanent nature. They recalled him with grateful recollections both of his urbanity and kindness of heart, and his straightforwardness and integrity of character.

His diplomatic career was creditable to his powers. Although the position did not give much opportunity for the display of great statesmanship, it was still very important at the time that it should be filled by a thoroughly patriotic man. The period of his residence in Switzerland was the time of our civil war, when strenuous efforts were making to misrepresent our cause and its character to the powers and people of Europe. Public sentiment, in the country to which Mr. Fogg was sent, was, as a matter of course, on the side of the North. But Switzerland is overrun with tourists of different nationalities, and it was necessary that that sentiment should be reinforced and strengthened by the presence of an American representative, whose patriotism was as strong and earnest, and whose sentiments were as well pronounced, as were those of Mr. Fogg. In this respect he did a very valuable and important work, and his

influence, as I had occasion afterwards to know, extended beyond the bounds of the country to which he was accredited. To Americans visiting Switzerland he was very helpful and hospitable. His house was always open, and he rejoiced in every opportunity of welcoming his guests. He had a rare enjoyment of the beauty of nature, and his residence in the suburbs of Berne commanded a fine view of that magnificent panorama of the Bernese Alps and Oberland, which every tourist carries away with him as one of the most pleasing memories of European travel. He loved to talk of the grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of the lakes. Although of more majestic proportions than the mountains of New Hampshire, and on a larger scale than its waters, his affection for his native state and his enjoyment of its own peculiar beauty were not in any way diminished. He was a thorough New Hampshire man, with all the best qualities of character that distinguish the men and women of this sterling commonwealth, and he knew and loved the good old state as few men did. He was interested in its history, in its educational institutions, in the schools wherein he had spent his youthful days, in his Alma Mater, in the men whom the state had produced, in its rocks and hills, its streams and lakes—in all that makes it, to those who have entered into an appreciation of its beauty, the spirit of its institutions, and the heart of its people, even more and better than the "Switzerland of America." I am sure that the men of New Hampshire will long mourn his death, and cherish the memory of his true and faithful life.

I have spoken of the positiveness of his convictions. This trait of his character showed itself in his religious life. He was loyal and generous to his church, and that phase of Christian doctrine which it illustrates and exemplifies. He knew clearly what he believed, and he could give a reason for the faith that was in him. But there was something deeper than mere belief. There was a deep principle in his religious life, which underlay his thought and action, and

made him both helpful and considerate of other men and their views, and conscious of his obligation to serve the will of God according to the strength he had. Always a constant and interested attendant upon religious services, he was an appreciative hearer and a faithful doer of the Word. Of later years the gentler graces of religion became apparent in a deeper trust and a more cheerful and buoyant faith. He bore the ills that came upon him with an exemplary patience, and while he felt that there was no more for him to do in life, he accepted the state of weakness which had been ordered for him with a spirit of acquiescence and submission which it is now grateful to recall. It was no small trial to a man of his mental activity to feel that his powers could no longer respond to the demands made upon them. But I think he bore the trial with an admirable composure. When, at the call of a friend, he would light up with the old-time expression for a moment, it would seem as though he might again go forth among men. With a fund of pleasant anecdote and reminiscence he would endeavor to brighten the interview, and one would almost forget his weakness in the cordiality of his greeting and the grateful appreciation of the kindly interest that had prompted the visit. But he was saddened by the loss of his former associates and companions in the early struggles, notably of his friend Amos Tuck, with whom he had most intimate relations ; and he could not but look forward to his release from earthly care and physical infirmity with a certain feeling of hope for a better and happier life beyond the grave, and a longing to be at rest.

So the end has come ; but the end of earth is the beginning of a new and higher state. The fine and vigorous mind, clouded for a time, has again become clear and strong. The warm and earnest heart has found its more congenial sphere. The love for truth and right reaches its fruition. The struggling, weary spirit has entered upon an eternal peace !

GEORGE GILMAN FOGG.

BY FRANK B. SANBORN.

[From the Springfield Republican of Oct. 10, 1881.]

I would pay the tribute of a brother journalist and an old friend to GEORGE GILMAN FOGG, the sturdy New Hampshire editor and organizer, to whom was due, more than to any other man, the political regeneration of that "Switzerland of America" thirty-six years ago, when it seemed to be hopelessly given over to the cause of American slavery. Mr. Fogg was a young man then, and he lived to be an old man,—but he never merited the thanks of the whole North so much as in the period of ten years from 1845 to 1855, when New Hampshire was converted and reconverted from her pro-slavery idols, until the little state became as sure and steadfast in her political faith as Massachusetts or Vermont. What had been her previous record we know from the scornful sayings of the anti-slavery leaders. Emerson wrote to William Henry Channing, in 1845,—

"The God who made New Hampshire
Taunted the lofty land with little men,—
Small bat and wren,
House in the oak:
If earth-fire cleave
The upheaved land and bury the folk,
The Southern crocodile would grieve.
For who, with accent bolder,
Dare praise the freedom-loving mountaineer?
I found by thee, O rushing Contoocook!
And in thy valley, Agiochook!
The jackals of the negro-holder."

The year before this, in 1844, Garrison, lamenting the suspension of the little newspaper published in the New Hampshire capital, by Rogers, "The Old Man of the Mountain," had said in the Liberator, with much bitterness,— "On the question of negro emancipation, the heart of New Hampshire is as hard as her own granite; she is as desperately perverted as it is in the power of corrupt priests and political demagogues to make her. So hardened is she that she cannot blush; and as for repentance, she seems almost to be given over to 'believe a lie that she may be damned.' If anything yet remains to be done to give protection and perpetuity to the accursed slave system of the South, she will be prompt to do it, if it be in her power. Such traitors to true Democracy as Atherton and Woodbury she delights to honor, and spurns with brutal contempt all those who would save her from defilement and shame. She does not belong to New England, but should cut from her moorings and float southward, to find a geographical position between Texas and Louisiana." This was sharp enough; but the agitator, pausing to catch his breath, added,—"Yet she may not be wholly beyond recovery; she has some of the choicest spirits to be found anywhere on the wide earth, and there is hope while such dwell on her political soil." Even while he wrote, the ferment had begun which was to change all this subserviency of the New Hampshire Democrats into a degree of independence such as was then almost unknown. Two years later, the revolting Democrat, John P. Hale of Dover, was sent to the United States Senate, the first avowed anti-slavery senator, free from the yoke of party, who ever sat in that body. His election was the result of his own boldness, reinforced by the enthusiasm of other independent Democrats, and by the support which George Fogg's newspaper, well-named the "Independent Democrat," gave to the new movement. Mr. Fogg was then a young lawyer in scanty practice at Gilmanton; but he went to Concord as editor in 1845, and

from that time forward until the emancipation of the slaves he directed the politics of New Hampshire as effectively as Isaac Hill had done in Jackson's time, or Franklin Pierce in the days of Tyler and Polk,—though with less profit and glory to himself. He had Pierce as an opponent for some ten years, four of which the New Hampshire Democrat was president of the United States,—but in the end Pierce and his solid phalanx of voters were beaten, and the state ranged herself definitely on the right side in the great contest.

The first triumph of the independent Democrats was won in March, 1846, when they formed a coälition with the Whigs, and carried the state election by a majority large enough to make Anthony Colby governor, John P. Hale senator, and George G. Fogg secretary of state. By the same legislature which did all this, Colonel Jo Cilley of Nottingham, a veteran of the War of 1812, and half brother of Hawthorne's friend, Jonathan Cilley of Maine, was sent to the United States Senate for nine months, from June, 1846, to March, 1847, when Hale took his seat. Col. Cilley is still living, at the age of ninety or more, and is one of the few survivors of the men actively engaged in that contest against "the central clique," with Frank Pierce at its head. When the first victory was secured in the contest (March, 1846), the poet Whittier, living on the borders of New Hampshire, and warmly interested in its politics, wrote a burlesque poem, in the form of a letter from Frank Pierce to Moses Norris of Pittsfield (then a leading Democratic congressman, noted for his pro-slavery sentiments), which was printed by Elizur Wright in the Boston Chronotype, and had great vogue in New Hampshire, though never acknowledged among the poems of Whittier. It has recently been reprinted, however, with his consent, in a Boston newspaper; and no doubt the aged poet takes a certain pride in it, as well he may. There is a racy freedom and coarseness about it characteristic of the men

whose feelings it undertook to portray, but it has the unmistakable movement of Whittier's flowing verse. It begins,—

"'T is over, Moses! all is lost!
I hear the bells a-ringing,
Of Pharaoh and his Red Sea host—
I hear the Free-Wills singing.
We 're routed, Moses, horse and foot,
If there be truth in figures,
With federal Whigs in hot pursuit,
And Hale, and all the 'niggers.'"

Then the mortified Pierce goes on to mention the gloomy news that preceded this calamity, naming persons and places familiar then in New Hampshire, and not yet wholly forgotten :—

"Our Belknap brother heard with awe
The Congo minstrels playing;
At Pittsfield, Reuben Leavitt saw
The ghost of Storrs a-praying;
And Carroll's woods were sad to see,
With black-winged crows a-darting;
And Black Snout looked on Ossipee,
New glossed with Day & Martin.

"We thought the 'Old Man of the Notch'
His face seemed changing wholly;
His lips seemed thick, his nose seemed flat,
His misty hair looked woolly.
And Coös teamsters, shrieking, fled
The metamorphosed figure:
'Just look!—that old stone cuss,' they said,
'Himself is turnin' nigger!'"

The allusion here, of course, was to the Franconia "Old Man"—the "Great Stone Face" of Hawthorne, which has made such an impression on the political mind of New Hampshire—while Black Snout and Ossipee are two mountains in the range between the towns of Sandwich and Ossipee, along which the Bearcamp river drains down into the Saco, through regions long familiar to Whittier. Reuben Leavitt was a cousin of Moses Norris (and, I may confess, of my own), and as sheriff had arrested an abolitionist

preacher while engaged in prayer—an incident which was very effectively turned to account by the anti-slavery men. George Fogg had grown up among these people; he knew them root and branch, and they knew him; he could meet them therefore with their own weapons and on their own ground. His newspaper was a weekly, for in those days few persons read the daily papers, but waited till the end of the week's toil brought them leisure to peruse the one cherished weekly. He gave his readers sound doctrine, to begin with; then he supplied such news as they needed, and a miscellany of general information and literature, scanty enough when compared with what newspapers now can furnish, but welcome to the boy by the farm-house fire, or the youth in the shoe-shop who loved to learn. I found it serviceable to my boyish love of literature; and it was in the Independent Democrat in 1849, that I first tasted the unspeakable joy of seeing my verses first printed—a translation from the German to begin with, and, by and by, some original verses such as a youth of eighteen could write. Mr. Fogg knew the value of literature, though he overrated this particular minstrel. He made his journal indispensable by such means, and gave it a wide circulation within the state; while at the same time, and by the cöoperation of its readers, he helped to organize his party in every school-district of New Hampshire. The result we all know,—but most of the accompanying circumstances have passed from remembrance with the lapse of years. He was one of those few New England men who planned and wrought for the nomination of Abraham Lincoln in 1860, when most of us were fascinated with Seward or some other well-known candidate. He brought Lincoln to New Hampshire in the winter preceding, and gave him the opportunity to make one of his great speeches in Concord, which was then duly reported in his Democrat. As a consequence, he carried the New Hampshire delegation at Chicago for Lincoln, and thus contributed materially toward his nomination. In the campaign follow-

ing, Mr. Fogg was secretary of the National Republican Committee, and was thus brought into close communication with Lincoln, who knew his value, and greatly relied on him at some critical points. He was honored by Lincoln with the appointment of Minister to Switzerland, where he remained during the civil war, and was of much service to the country.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Fogg, before his death, put his reminiscences of Lincoln, Seward, Greeley, etc., into a form in which they will be preserved and published; for in some matters he was a confidant and eye-witness whose testimony was invaluable. Before his paralytic attack, some two years ago, he had proposed writing out these recollections, but did not; and when he was no longer able to write, but retained his clear and accurate memory, he strove to impress these things by recital on the recollection of his friends. I shall not soon forget with what earnestness, when Mr. Bird and I visited him in March, 1880, he persisted in telling us the story of Lincoln's first cabinet appointments, the part played by Seward in that affair, and the wise way in which Lincoln checkmated him and carried out his original plan for a representative cabinet. We feared to fatigue him by the conversation, and sought to leave him, but he held us, through many pauses and returns, until he had finished the main part of his relation. I visited him again in the summer of 1881, and heard more of these reminiscences,—but he had then lost in some degree the power of will, which, in all his life, was so marked a feature, and added so much to the endowment of capacity that nature gave him. It was agreed between Mr. Bird and myself that we should, if possible, draw out these reminiscences for publication; and on my last visit, meeting Hon. James W. Patterson at our friend's house, I urged upon him, too, the importance of preserving such memorials of a great national crisis. He agreed with me, and perhaps did something towards it. I have since heard that there were some letters from Lincoln

to Fogg, which have no doubt been preserved, and should be printed.

Mr. Fogg was not an original or highly gifted man, as such things are usually rated. His origin was humble, his education was delayed, and he was completing his college course at Dartmouth at an age when some men are well advanced in an active career. But he possessed that tenacity of purpose, that settled force of will, which is native to New Hampshire men, and makes them the most stubborn adversaries, the most sturdy supporters. In his political campaigns he enlisted for the war, and gave no truce to his opponents until they were beaten; indeed, he was averse to any parley with his antagonists, but was perpetually charging upon them. In the management of a party, however, he was most judicious, keeping the main point in view, and was able to combine men for a special purpose better than most can. He sought little for himself, and was not much annoyed by the self-seeking of others, provided it did not interfere with the objects of party organization. To young men he was genial and instructive, toward his associates plain-dealing and sagacious. He wrote well and talked well, but had little turn for public speaking. He and his friends, among whom were many more illustrious than himself, gave his native state an importance in the politics of the nation that it will perhaps never hold again, and they did it by the most honest and legitimate means; by courage in opinion, persuasion of the people, and a firm trust in the soundness of the popular heart. In times such as we have seen of late, when money and official power have largely taken the place of argument and popular agitation, it is refreshing to turn back to such leaders of opinion,—who had no arts but manly arts, who struck hard but struck fair blows, and by whose success foes were reconciled, and not friends demoralized and ruined.

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